# Prism '88

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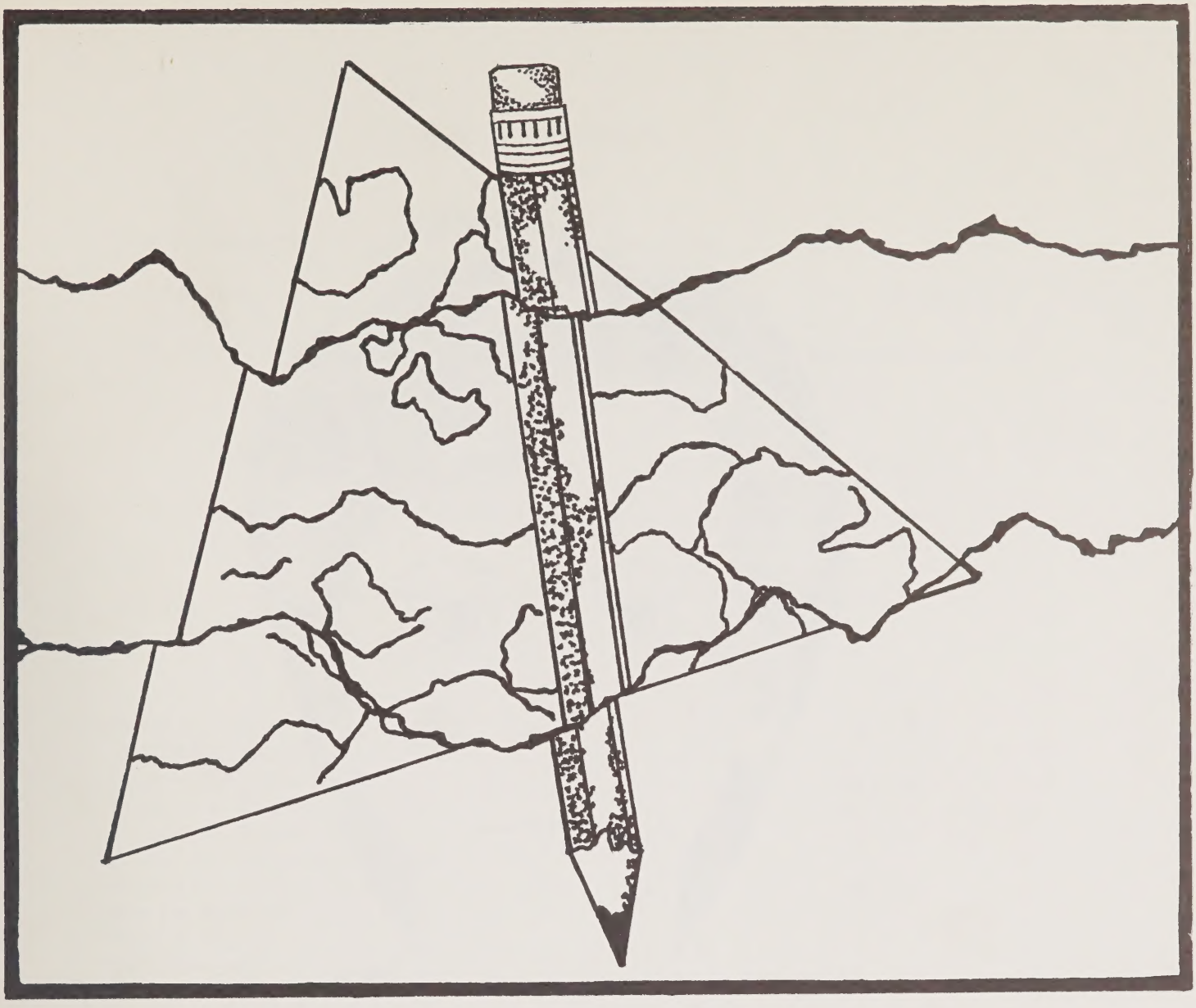
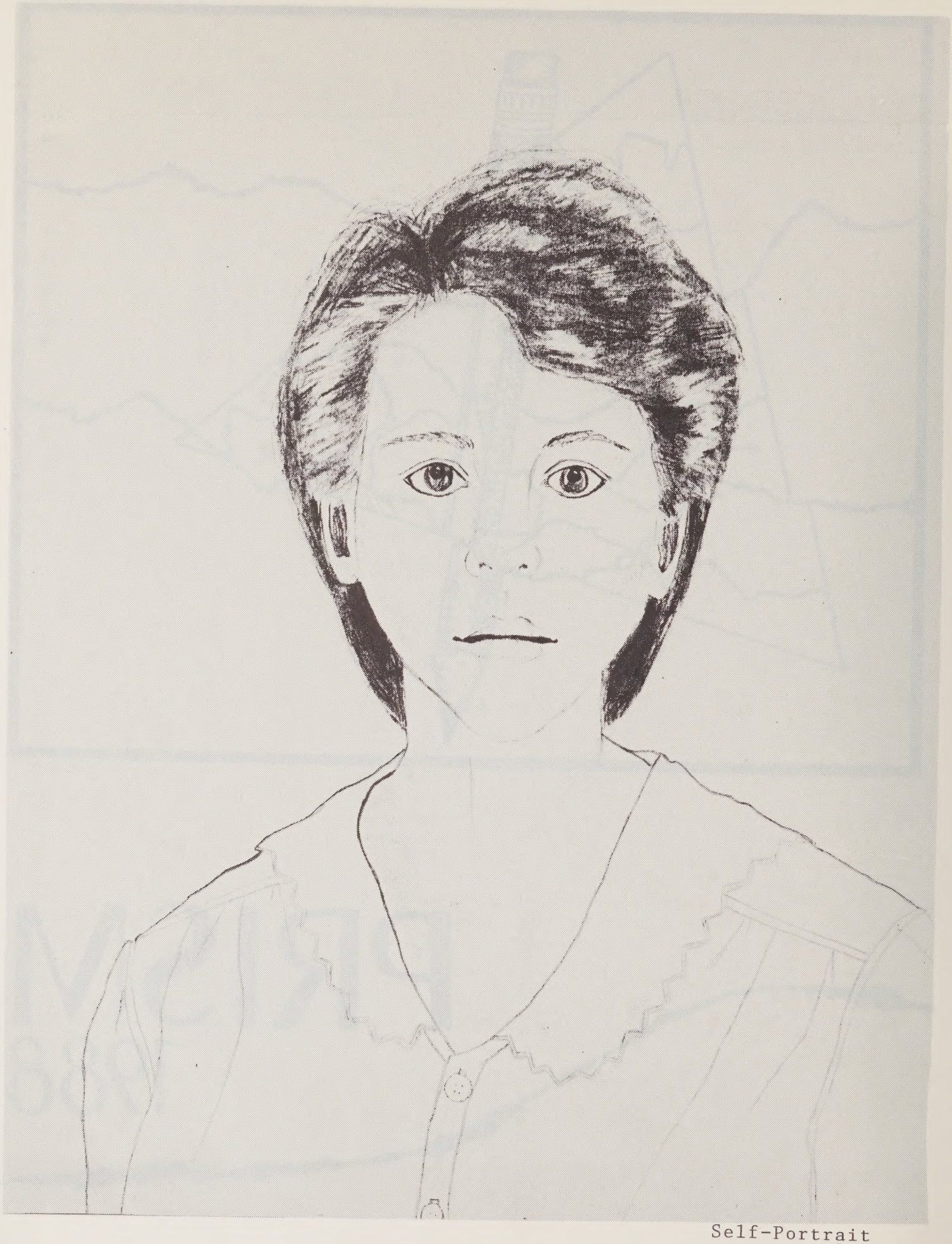


# PRISM

1988



Self-Portrait
by Sherry Seymour

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Editor: Donna Anderson
Assistant Editor: Michele Smith
Business Editor: Elizabeth Stark
Publicity Editors: Cheryl Ellis, Sylvia Locklear
Art Editor: Carolyn Shankle
Advisor: Dr. Jean Bauso

## LATE AFTERNOON'S SYMPHONY

Nancy Hardie

Shadows slide across wilted grass
of the countryside
whispering to the crickets
their cue to sing tonight's chorus

Cows move from the shade of trees
swishing their tails in graceful twirls
sending flies into flight

Calves wander from mothers
to frolic in circles on unsure legs
under the gentle half-melted afternoon sun

## BILLY BOB SPEAKS SOUTHERNESE

Kristie Boyette

I have found it plumb necessary to marry
a woman with two first names, learn myself
how to pour a pack of them
Lance Peanuts into a Pepsi bottle, and
be pure devoted to the sport of
stock car racing. Southernness is realizing
that a right smart sum of money will
buy you a fancy pedigree dog, but
only love will make him wag his tail;
and smelling the taste of fried
chicken, string beans, and mile-high flaky
biscuits after preaching on a lazy Sunday's
noon; and feeling the stinging on bare legs
after a prayer meeting behind the barn
with your daddy. Only us Southerners
know the joy of driving down
a dusty road in a baby blue Ford
pickup with one arm resting out
the window and your good old hound
Beauregard in the back--
his ears flapping in the wind.

## REFLECTIONS

Jeannie Bland

Dear Dad,

I found an old picture today
Yellowed by time
Curled as if stored in a hollow tube
Bent at the edges
And torn.

A picture of you and me

Your face
Of clinging cactus prickles
Chafes the tender flesh of my thighs
As I sit perched upon your shoulders of rock
Observing foamy swells thrashing
On the rocky shore.

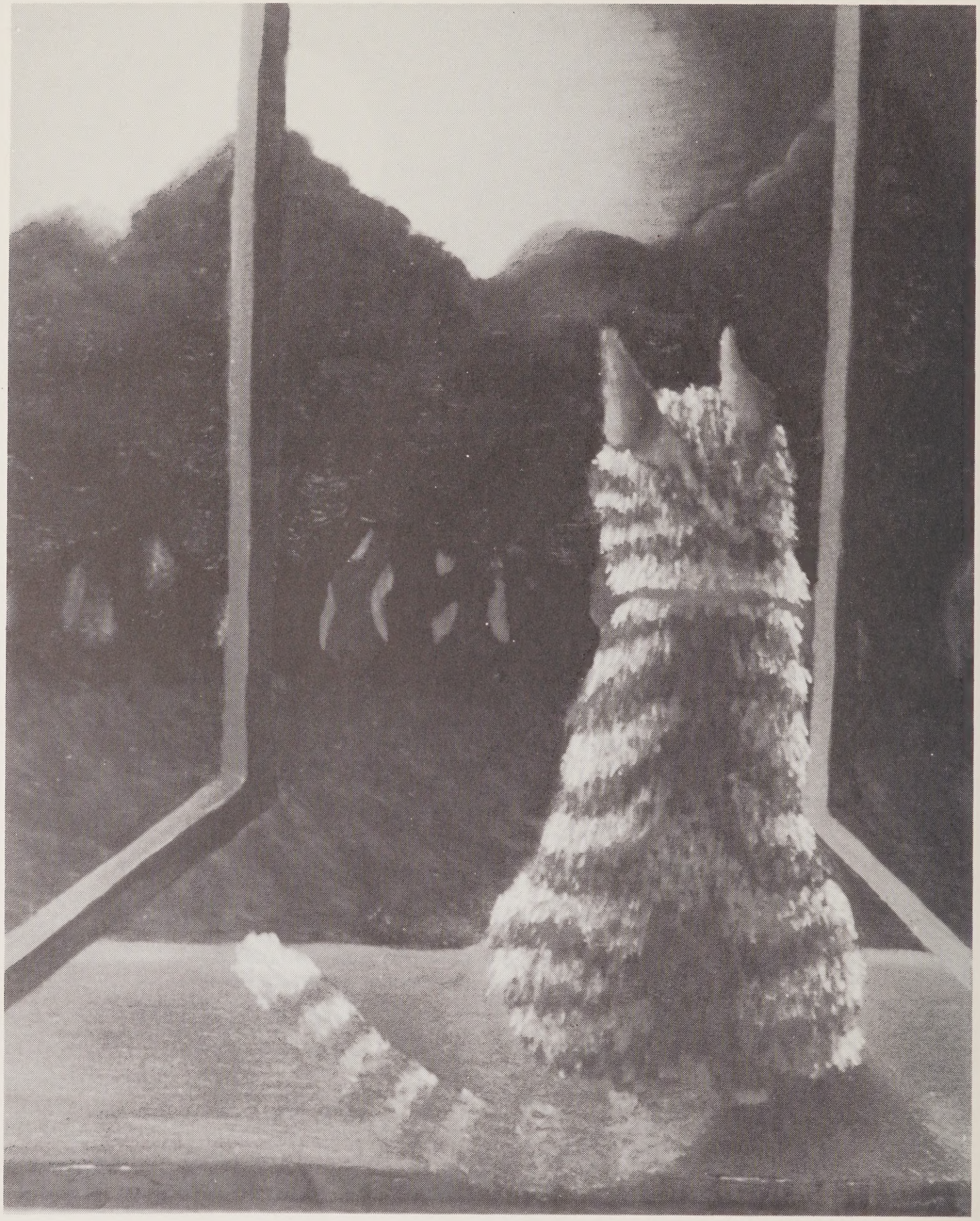
My eyes overflowing with excitement;
Head thrown back, allowing
Crisp salty wind
To rip through my hair.

Holding this picture in my quivering hand,
I relive this moment
Of our lives
Knowing we will never again
Experience together
The golden sun reflecting
Shimmering highlights
On dancing waves.

## ALONE, ALONE, ALONE

Cheryl Hearn

Alone, Alone, Alone,
The darkness comes sweeping in,
like a cold draft too much to bear.
Yes, I can feel the cold, cold wind,
It keeps blowing harder- Oh why wont it stop?
I continue my search, for what I know not.
I must be coming near the end,
for I feel tired as the days grow thin.
I feel old and decrepit;
when I look in the mirror I see one who understands
the world, one far beyond her years.
Why, I must ask, will I always be on
the inside looking out?
I can see the joy and laughter, when I strain,
through a tear-stricken window pane.
When I reach to touch it,
it is never there,
Does anyone care?
Alone, Alone, Alone



Mesmerized
by Carolyn Shankle

## D.G. ...

Andi Helms

I still hurt, but I am glad I was there.

D.G. Martin twice ran for North Carolina Congressman and lost. However, he made "being there"--that is, working on his campaign--an experience I will never forget. During his entire campaign there was never a time when he did not have a broad, friendly smile spread across his boyish face. D.G.'s sincere concern for and interest in people kept me sticking "D.G." stickers on kids and stuffing endless envelopes for nearly two years. D.G. was clearly the most genuine person in the race, yet he did not win.

D.G. believed people were not merely potential voters, but people worth meeting and getting to know. He loved to mingle with crowds. I first met him in the CROP walk in Charlotte. Upon introducing myself, I noticed his right hand fingers were taped. Out of curiosity I asked him what had happened. He chuckled that he had developed a case of " 'Politician's hand,' a distant cousin of the 'Tennis elbow'." With a warm-hearted smile D.G. said goodbye, and his strong frame pranced ahead, leaving me and my worn-out feet behind. I watched him wander through the crowd ahead, and counted the number of people the talked to; I lost count after forty-three. From that day on, D.G. recognized me and called me by name. Although I was not a registered voter, he made feel just as important as if I had been. In fact, D.G. made everyone feel significant. Even little Alex Krammer strolled around as if he were a knight when D.G. "dubbed" him with a "D.G." sticker. I began to work for D.G. and soon gained the title of "official envelope stuffer" for the G.O.T.V. (Get Out The Vote) team. I wanted to do my part in spreading D.G.'s enthusiasm.

Merely shaking hands and kissing babies were not enough for D.G.; he wanted to work with and really know "his" people. During his second campaign, North Carolina was suffering from one of the worst droughts in history. Framers were having to sell entire heads of cattle in order to get by. D.G. spent many weekends in rural areas, listening to the farming problems. Once he threw away his "neat politician look," rolled up his sleeves, loosened his tie, and climbed aboard a pre-historic tractor to see the effects of the drought. In addition, he listened to anyone who wanted to be heard. From the five-year-old showing off her

tricycle, to the businessman complaining about taxes to the grandmother bragging about her "grandbabies," he listened intently. If he was asked to solve a problem he would sincerely do his best, but would never promise anything he could not fulfill. Dealing with the farm crisis was a factor that could make or break D.G.'s campaign; however, he did not ignore other concerns of the community. Although he spent a great deal of time with the farmers, he also attended meetings and gatherings listening to the elderly and minorities, trying to get acquainted with all levels of society.

D.G. was himself; he never put up a false front. He did not want to be seen as a stiff candidate who merely frequented "the best" restaurants and country clubs. He participated in every community activity possible. Being his driver, my mother took him to fun runs, county fairs, and neighborhood block parties. If people were present, D.G. was usually there, dressed for the occasion. He wanted the public to know that a politician is a person too -- one who can wear jogging shorts or blue jeans, and, more importantly, one who can have fun.

D.G.'s courage never waned until the very end. For two years the G.O.T.V. team really did get out the vote. More people were going to vote on Election Day '86 than in the history of the district. The first time - in 1984 - we, D.G. and the team, had lost by 271 votes; this time we knew we had a chance. There were bumper stickers and T-shirts all over Charlotte and surrounding counties proclaiming, "This time, D.G." We had a chance -- but on the eve of election day a lie spread through the press claiming D.G. had acquired illegal funds for his campaign. Immediately the team dove in, searching for something that had been overlooked or forgotten; there was nothing. D.G. was innocent, but it was too late to prove it; there was no time. As the election polls rolled in, the results did not look good. D.G.'s excitement and spirit were weakening, and two years of hard work were gone; he had lost. Many tears were shed over his final speech. With a rare sadness in his grey eyes, and an honest smile on what seemed to be a much older face, D.G. said he was still proud; he had made it this far not merely with a team, but with a family. A few weeks ago I received a plague with my name on it. Sketched on it was the typical caricature of D.G. that had been in the newspapers throughout the campaign, and beside it was a short message that put the crusade to rest. It said, "I still hurt, but I'm glad I was there." I could not have said it better.

## EQUAL SWEETS

Laura Prewitt

Spiritual you
Equals spiritual me?
--I'm playing solitary bridge and I
Sense a little wind in the door
...Troubled water time, you know
And I need a fresh suit
Hearts, of course--no black spade will do
So let me know, please
Where are you?
--In the cookies or the tea?
Maybe the sugar from the packet
Contains your sweetness
But I'm uncertain
No trump's working
...Lord, send me
Some sort of confirmation
Loneliness can't win now
But apathy could make an uglier victor
Oh, don't let it win--
Just submit to holy dust conjuring
And be here in Spirit
To love me

by Andrea Spivey

## FREEDOM

Marie Garner

Where the soft hair meets the
antlers/it's rough/like the ridges
on a shotgun shell.
Further up/smooth/like the long
sleek black barrel of a shotgun.

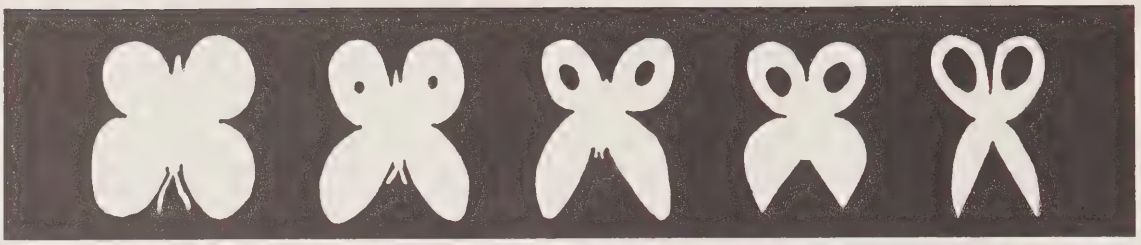
The antlers are twisted and gnarled/
like the tree limbs/that sway in a
breeze/on a clear spring night.
Looking at the antlers/I see a deer/
coming out of hiding/from a long
winter into spring - a safe place for now.

Shhhh, You can see him now.
He walks out majestically!
He grazes on the new green
grass of spring.
Walking over to a tree/he stops/
scrapes his antlers on it/
rubbing a spot smooth/
like the sleek black barrel of a gun.

## SUMMER DELIGHT

Susan Adkins

Night surrenders
to the light of a fresh summer day
stop lights flash yellow
with respect to the sleeping town
girl and boy escape through
streets once bombarded with
night life hoopla
coastal breezes sting the face
and whip through a crisp cotton nightgown
skin tingles with naughtiness
intertwined hands fling to the beat
of feet pounding moist clingy sand
captivated by the outburst of rosy orange
girl and boy bask in the bliss of
the forbidden sunrise



by Lee Jackson

## A COSMETIC PALACE

Andi Helms

My palms slippery with Rose Petal lotion,
I couldn't open the door.
Nanny's yodeling,
  "Whooo...where are you."
But I can't escape the cosmetic palace
Of lipstick, blush, and eye-stuff
In green, gold, and baby-blue,
Plus perfume, lotion, powder, and goo.

The knob slips and slides through
My pudgy fingers, then
Jerks open.
Nanny stands,
Smiling her upside-down smile,
Looking down to lipstick on eyelids,
                Eye-stuff on ears,
                   And lotion in hair,
                      On face...everywhere.
She slides behind me with her grandma grin
And turns on my punishment--
                                A bath.

## GYPSY

Nancy Hardie

Crinoline peeks from beneath
crimson skirt
as she twirls and sways
to the slow hypnotic beat
of her tambourine

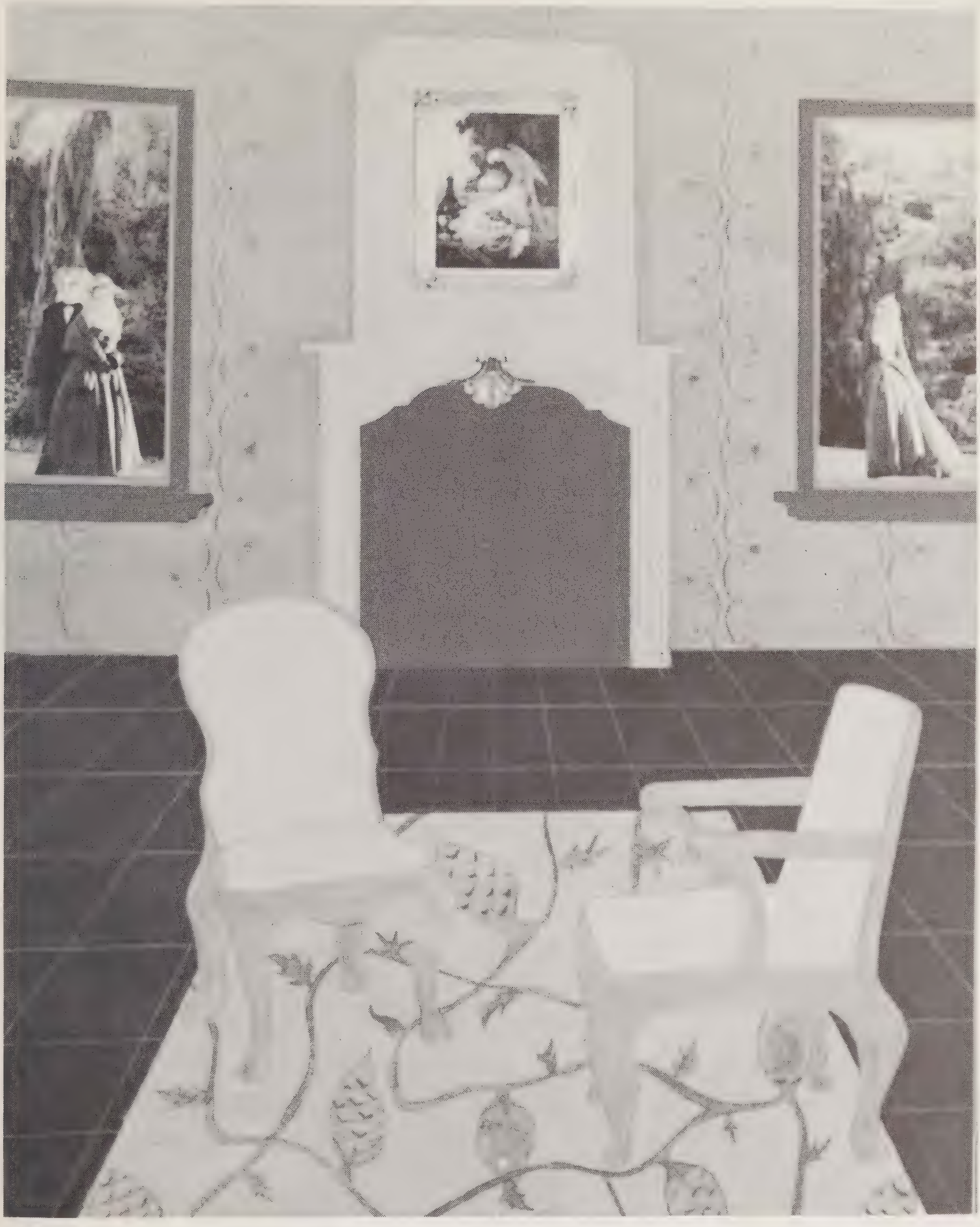
An amethyst shawl
ripples over one shoulder
to brown bare feet
traipsing on emerald grass

Inky black hair sprays
around her head like spiderwebs
as she dances and whirls
into the velvet forest

## LIFE SENTENCE

Missy Richardson

Cold,
Dark,
Ugly stone,
It surrounds me; imprisons me;
Keeps me from the outside world;
If there is one.
All I see of it is sky,
Even it's grey.
There is no escape,
Except death.
Even death appeals to me now.
Oh God, please help me,
for I have no hope.
All I do is walk in circles.
Never
Ending
Circles.



Feathered Fantasy
by Sherry Seymour

## A BOX OF SIXTY-FOUR

Beverly Pagura

A box of sixty-four lies scattered on the floor
Carelessly left by the anxious four-year-old.
The mass of color swirling together
bonds with the few who would pass by.
There lies a yellow worn down from
King's crowns, suns and gold rings.
Lonely, now, away from the pack, sits red,
Oh, the prized color for hearts and apples.
The magnificent blues in all their glories
Await the page of a teardrop or flower.
Oranges and greens scramble for floor space
While a single purple rolls across the carpet.
Soon, they would be picked up and reassembled
In place in their cardboard home, only to
Be released once more by a child's touch.
Some will be lost in the scuffle for order.
The scene repeats itself, continually,
with another child and another
box of sixty-four.

## WHITE ROSES

Jeannie Bland

Every night I dream of roses,
The white roses
Exploding into bloom
Early that morning
As pellets of rain shot from the sky.

The white roses,
Whose sickly sick perfume saturated
The fields from which you fled.

As lightning bolted through your body
Executing, electrocuting,
I sat imprisoned behind panes of glass
Watching dewy tears trickle
From a white rose.

The Picnic
by Camille Corpening

## I'LL LISTEN

Laura Barnes

I'll listen
to whispy moonlight notes
on a sizzling night.
I gain
ideas and exposure
to the poor man's plight.
I feel wild
abandon in your
guitar lick's bite,
visiting the underground on thin
fingers of the night.
I want to
improve your image
and it's only right,
for you define
my thoughts and give me
stained glass sight.

## MID-JULY

Bobbi Jackson

Rolling, raving clouds
Ramble through the sky

We subtly sit
Awaiting the storm

Swish, swoosh
The wind dances

Clang, bam
The shutters slam

Rumble, snap
The thunder claps

Drip, drop
The rain plunks
Harshly onto the ground

Slowly the storm subsides
Stillness surrounds

## WORD ASSOCIATION

Laura Barnes

Splendid. A semi-circle of bright blues, living greens, and rich gold fans out to display a proud peacock's tail. Pale blue and white foaming water shoots from slippery rocks over the edge and into the rippling pool below. Orange, yellow, fire engine red, grapy purple and forest green line up and bend over the rain-soaked earth underneath.

Pensive. A famous sculpture of a naked man, chin on knuckles, thinking of nothing, but appearing to be engrossed in something. An overloaded student imagining that soothing Sunday at home or the long walk with the one she loved--loves. The old nursing home occupant, trying to remember what her son's face looks like from his visit last Christmas.

Occupied. A closed bathroom door exhausts all hopes for relief. A distant father remains engrossed in a book while the son holds a football longingly. A shiny silver strip above the elevator door flashes the number five to the impatient people on floor number fifteen.

Velvet. Rows of tiny fibers are pressed together smoothly to make rich material, too thick to imagine each single, separated strand. A Victorian chair in an attic gathers dust on its once periwinkle blue cushion: a treasure is lost behind the bulky refrigerator box. A black dress clings to every curve on her body; the rich color mesmerizes her stammering date.

Scene. Changing daily to wherever the biggest stars flaunt their newly fit physiques and white capped teeth. Setting the mood for the artist, it determines whether he sees shimmering water or the trees reflected in its glossy surface. A promising young actor memorizes each line as if it were a single strand of gold.

End. It comes long after the beginning every came to be - hopefully. Sometimes it arrives after endless late nights, countless re-writes, and boundless insights. Signifying the beginning of what is to come, it ties loose ends into a questionable slip-knot.

## SILENT WISH

Carolyn Shankle

I watch you hiding
in your silent shell
and want to rock you long and slow
to ease you through the evil spells
of plastic masqueraders-
I want to hold you tight and close
let you rest your reddened eyes
maybe sleep, just for awhile.
I know growing hurts,
worse than iodine
dabbed on a bleeding wound-
if you might listen,
I would sing
soft and low, of secret things
like how the sun dances with the clouds
and kisses every tree full on the mouth
and afterwards the trees blossom and green
the earth with new seedlings -
Ah!
or you might teach me how to dance
a rock-n-roll tango
with the radio as your partner
all alone in your room -
I don't care if you're yellow,
black, white, red,
or somewhere in between -
I only have a silent wish
for you to see
beyond your shell,
into me.

## EXPRESSION OF DEPRESSION

Tonya Hill

Darkness fills the air with an opaque shadow,
Grey clouds begin to form, hiding the sun's glow,
the beach looks long and desolate,
Almost frightening...

Sharply, the breeze pierces my face, making it itch
and burn, my eyes swell with tears.
I look to the ocean for comfort, only to find
Its waves rigorously crashing down...

Moreover, the clear water has lost its color,
A dull greenish liquid washes on shore,
Splashing water, blue with cold,
Upon my bare feet...

As I get a chill, the loneliness lingers,
the sunshine, once bearing warmth and beauty
Is now gone. Bright flashes appear as the
Sky rumbles its afterthought.

My heart pounds inside of me almost as loud as thunder,
Beating harshly upon the ocean's water,
the rain falls...With each drop beating
into my skin, I slip further away from reality.

by Christie Anderson

## GAMES

Jeannie Bland

Hey you!
Yeah, you in the green.
Wanna play a game?
Me against you?
Winner takes all.

Everyone does it,
Only takes three minutes.

Flashing steel edges
Create metallic reflections
While impeccably shaping snowy flakes.

It's really easy,
All you do is inhale
Lines of powdery white
Through a crisply-rolled dollar bill.

See, just like this.
Here, you try.
Yeah, that's it.
See, nothin to it.
Makes ya feel good, don't it?
Gives ya energy.
Yeah, bursting with spunk and spirit.

Wanna play again?

Hey, how ya feelin?
Quit man,
What's your problem?
Stop jerkin around.
C'mon, get up.
You're supposed to br . . .

Hey, guess you lost man.
In more ways than one.
Lights out.
Game's over.

Winner takes all.

## WOODBRIDGE LAKE

Bobbi Jackson

Thick, floating mist
Eases from shore.

Trees bowing gracefully
Toward the sun, beaming.

Sparkles
Ripple
Across our wake.

Paddle gently
Drifting
Yet soaring
Through this peaceful realm.

Dusk Over the Pamlico Sound:Washington, N.C.
by Sherry Seymour

## GOOD BYE

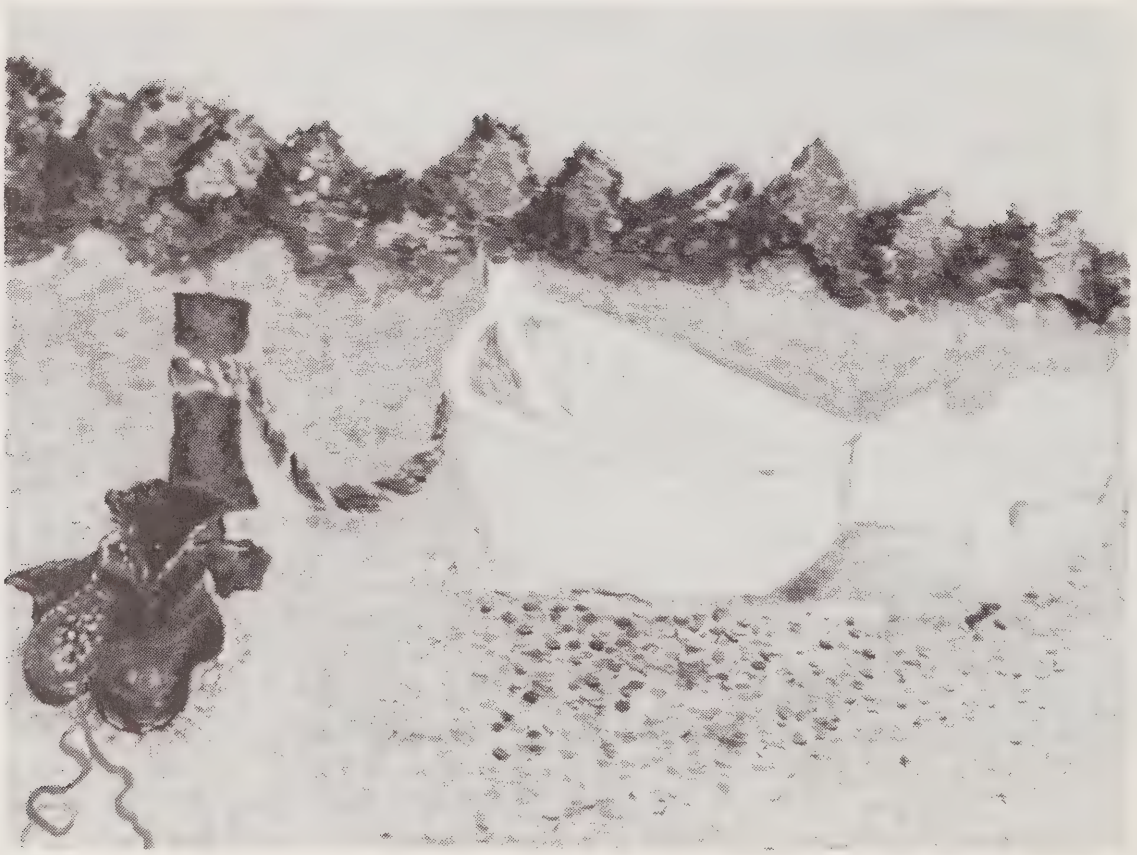
Elizabeth Stark

Chilly winds
whip
around me
The Ocean is vast
seashells drift in
and out
Thinking of you I sit watching
the waves
RUSHING in
and
w h i s p e r i n g out
Shy looming dark and gloomy
Above
the deserted beach
the gull
gives a lonely cry
echoing my own
rain
melts
with
my
tears
then stops
wind becomes calm
and I see a rainbow
I get up
and walk away

## ON CAPE ELIZABETH

Kristie Boyette

Weathered fishermen mechanically scrape
the murky sea in search
of bountiful harvest,
and
Faithful wives move the dust
from room to room
in pastel palaces
while
One salted lighthouse
solemnly
stands
alone.



The Fisherman

## TUNE IN

Carolyn Shankle

in Spring,
daffodils trumpet
golden yellow songs,
dandelions play reggae
on green grassy drums,
while a fat-cheeked carnation
blows a blue saxophone,
and a skinny marigold'
strums a slow guitar;
accompaniment for
deep-throated oaks
and the dogwoods' alto soprano.

perhaps
I'll listen,
even sing calypso
while I tuck
my earthly blanket
tight around
the silence of my rotting bones.

## BY THE MAILBOX

Susan Adkins

Loud slurry voices and metallic music
suffocate my breath
bubble bath beads of perspiration
mount my forehead
Through the mass I spot
familiar eyes--
eyes that belong to the
chubby childhood face I once knew
Rescued by your embrace,
I am overwhelmed with lost memories of friendship-
baseball games near the old cemetery,
Thursday afternoon choir practice,
rummaging through the dark-,
engaging in strategic night games,
hours of frivolous adolescent conversation
and the time we risked it all--
(discovering friendship was worth
more than a kiss)
the crowd and offensive noise distant,
together we rekindle the past
and confide our dreams--
Once again friends never separated
Time interrupts,
we part--promising to write...
the letters will never be written
Instead I place the sympathy card
addressed to your family
in the mailbox
And close...
The piece of my heart that belongs to you--

## TICKLED TO TEARS

Kristie Boyette

mischievous fingers prod
ribs, feet, knees
ripples of tickles
quiver my skin
wriggle,
giggle,
scream,
gotta get free
from
this
tickle

by Liz McGee

Vence: Sunny Horizon
by Milica Fauntleroy

## BUTTERFLY

Tammy Young

Patchworks
flittering about a
rainbow forest.

Leopard skin
fluttering through
fresh morning air.

Wings
signing the language
of creation.

## DISAPPEARING MOON

Lizabeth Stark

Watching the moon
slide into the sea,
I watch my hopes
and dreams slide with it.
You told me you
couldn't stay.
The moon nods his
wise head at me.
But I believed if
I loved you
enough,
you would stay.
The moon slowly
disappears, a
tear glistening
on its cheek.
The moon wants
to keep me safe
in its warm
glow,
but for now it
must disappear.
I am left cold
and lonely.
There are no easy
answers...

Self-Portrait
by Catherine Hart

## LISA

Jeannie Bland

Remember
The day we first met
In the grimy, greasy lunchroom
Filled with the aroma of sterno cans.
The kind that lingers in your
Clothes for hours,
Leaving you saturated with
"Parfum de Cafeteria".

We observed you from afar.
Stringy tendrils of orangy-blond hair,
a band of black at the roots.
You stared back, scoping out
Our yellow oxford shirts, argyle socks, and
Loafers adorned with shiny 1982 pennies,
Then waltzed over to our table and plopped
Down across from us,
Rhonda and me, the interminable twosome.

For months you confided
In me,
Called me your friend,
Only I wasn't.

Remember when Mr. Calahan searched
Your locker and found a fifth
Of Canadian Mist buried underneath
Mountains of unfinished homework?
I knew all along that Rhonda
Set you up.
You knew it too,
Yet you remained silent.

Remember the time
You cussed out Rhonda
And she stained your body with blueberry bruises?
I stood, transfixed, eyes expressionless
Watching you silently crumble.

Lisa, sometimes I wonder
If you still called me friend
When later that year
You leapt from
The barn rafter,
Body dangling thirty feet
Above dry, withered hay,
Swinging like a pendulum,
Orangy-blond hair
Hiding bulging eyes.

PRISM
"Once upon
a time..."
PEACE COLLEGE
1857
ESSE QUAM VIDERI
photography
POETRY
ART
PROSE
'88
'It's My Turn'